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Hiss off

by [nezstorm](#)

Summary

If Stiles ever imagined himself as something else than human then, given his affiliation with werewolves, he imagined he'd end up as one of those. Claws and fangs, getting his time of the month, a disturbing lack of eyebrows and all the jazz.

Now this though, this was unexpected.

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In which Stiles gets turned into a cat, the pack can't stop petting and teasing him about it and Peter is surprisingly good at giving ear scratches.

Notes

- For [noctiscorvus](#).

This started out as a silly idea me and noctiscorvus talked about over on tumblr and it just escalated. I'm not sure how fast I can write this, but I was promised to be pushed into it so.

No beta, all mistakes are mine and please feel free to point them out.

(See the end of the work for [more notes](#).)

Chapter 1

If Stiles ever imagined himself as something else than human then, given his affiliation with werewolves, he imagined he'd end up as one of those. Claws and fangs, getting his time of the month, a disturbing lack of eyebrows and all the jazz.

Now this though, this was unexpected.

And honestly infuriating, when the red dot disappeared under his paw and he came back to his senses cursing Erica vehemently. He had to contain his anger to a growl and a swipe at her hand when she leaned down to pet him though, but he was quite content at the hiss the she-wolf let out.

He knew all his friends were assholes, but they took too much pleasure from his suffering. Even Scott tried to get him to chase a ball of yarn and they were supposed to be brothers.

Fed up with being treated as the pack pet he trotter over to Peter and hopped up on the arm of the chair. Stiles pushed his head against the werewolf's hand until Peter lifted the book he had been reading and made room for Stiles to curl in his lap. This was one of the few places safe from the Betas. Peter's long fingers scratching behind his ears was just an added bonus.

His dad always told him that it would be Stiles' mouth that would get him into trouble. Stiles could admit he was mouthy, to a point where he acted like a raging dick even. But where some people responded to danger with the urge to flight or fight he, well, his usual response was to talk back.

On most occasion it was a fifty/fifty chance he'd get mauled so it wasn't all that surprising when the witch they were trying to chase off felt offended by one of his comments and decided to give him a lesson.

She flicked her wrist and muttered something under her nose and Stiles' body began shifting. She vanished in a veil of red smoke before any of the wolves present could even react. The change wasn't as much painful as it was uncomfortable; his body rearranging itself and all that much harrier as he shrunk, the world suddenly a much bigger place.

When the discomfort brought by the transformation finally lessened Stiles tried to assess the damage and what he saw made him meow in distress.

The pack's first reaction, after the initial shock, was to fucking *coo* at him. Sure, being petted felt rather nice, but he could seriously do without all the poking and prodding and Isaac pulling at his damn *tail*.

The Betas only relented when Derek – who didn't join in on the inquisition – practically roared at them seeing as him asking them to let Stiles go in his normal voice didn't really work on them.

Only then did they go to Deaton, not that it really helped them much. Color Stiles surprised.

“The spell should wear off on its own in about two weeks time so I suggest we just wait it out.” The vet told them after examining Stiles' new body. It was such a traumatizing experience that Stiles actually allowed Scott to scoop him up in his arms.

Stiles wanted to ask about the ‘should’ part of the sentence, but all he could really manage at the moment was meowing or growling which that only made him feel worse. Scott must have sensed his distress because he rubbed Stiles' back soothingly.

“And if it doesn't?” His best friend asked, but the vet remained ominously silent.

Just perfect.

“*What if it doesn't?*” Derek stressed from where he was leaning against the

wall.

Deaton seemed to mull over the question and after a sigh finally answered. “There’s a ritual I can perform, but it’s not completely risk free. If something goes wrong, if the spell cast on Stiles differs even the slightest bit from the well-known original one we might end up trapping him in this form.”

“You mean Stiles might be a cat for the rest of his life.” Scott repeated and the doc just nodded. Heaving a tired sigh he scratched at Stiles’ ear. “Trust it to be you to get yourself turned into a cat that runs with wolves.”

Stiles mewled pitifully not really appreciating the humor at the moment.

“So what do we do now?” Isaac asked, peering at Stiles over Scott’s shoulders. It looked like he too wanted to join in on the comfort petting, but seemed to remember the way Stiles clawed at him for pulling at his tail. Werewolf healing or not it seemed that cat scratches were still pretty painful.

It was Derek’s turn to sigh. “I guess we’ll have to notify the Sheriff and Stiles will just stay home for now. The rest of us will try to find the witch and learn as much of the spell as we can.”

Stiles tapped a paw at Scott’s arm to get his attention and after a moment of confusion his friend seemed to catch on. Their problems just kept piling up.

“Yeah, about that. See, there might be a small problem with Stiles going home.”

“And why’s that?”

All in all, Stiles’ dad took the news of his son’s new furry status quite well. Though considering this was not even close to some things that happened since they let the man in on the werewolf secret Stiles shouldn’t really be surprised.

“Allergic.” Derek deadpanned.

“Yes. Found out quite abruptly when Stiles decided to adopt a whole litter in first grade.” The Sheriff wiped at his watering eyes and reached for another tissue.

His dad started sniffling the moment Stiles appeared at the door with Scott and Derek in tow. Stiles felt really bad for causing his father any kind of discomfort, but at the same time he really wished he could just reach up and hug him.

Scott crouched next to Stiles who was sitting on the floor, ears flat against his head and tail wrapped tightly around him. “I guess Stiles could stay with us.” Scott supplied reaching out to pick him up again. All the carrying around was beginning to piss Stiles off. “Mom always wanted a cat.”

Stiles huffed angrily at that and swatted at Scott’s hand with his claws. He was no fucking pet, no matter how he presently looked. He wriggled out of his friend’s grip and landed neatly on the floor. At least the newly gained ability to stay balanced came in handy. He trotted over to the armchair and jumped up onto it, curling into a surly ball.

“You are aware that Stiles is not actually a cat, right?” He heard Derek scold Scott.

“I know that!” His friend exclaimed. “I was just saying that it would be okay for him to stay with us.”

The two werewolves kept arguing and Stiles shut them out. All he wanted was to be human again, back in his own skin in his own room. He seriously hoped they would manage to find a solution soon, because spending the rest of his life as a house pet forced to stay out of his own house was not what he wanted out of his life.

His dad perched on the arm of the chair and brushed his fingers over Stiles’ head. “I’m sorry, Stiles. I know this must be really hard for you, but my

allergy aside, I really think it would be better if you stayed with one of your friends for the time being. I'd feel better knowing that there's someone with you while I'm at work, in case something else happened."

Stiles pushed his head into his dad's hand and meowed silently, both in agreement and to comfort his father somewhat and let him know he understood.

Chapter 2

Notes for the Chapter:

Proofread by the amazing [thirdfury93](#).

I'm still not sure about this chapter, but to hell with it. I would like all the feedback I can get on this if only to know if it's worth continuing.

Nights were the hardest.

The first night after the curse was cast the whole pack slept together. They piled on the stack of mattresses and sleeping bags that they dragged into the living room. Even creepy Peter joined in, though he kept to the sidelines.

Werewolves and humans alike fitted together around Stiles like wards, protecting him from the outside world, showing him that he was not alone. Scott's body was curved around Stiles while Erica stretched on his other side with a hand on his flank.

Waking up with half of the pack still dozing in the pile made him feel warm and safe, even if Isaac's hand was dangerously close to his tail. His friends couldn't spend every night at the Hale House though and even then they didn't normally do puppy piles. It happened usually when they needed reassurance, when someone got badly injured, when they felt threatened. And apparently when one of them got himself turned into a cat.

Stiles wasn't aware sleeping alone would become a problem.

The next night Stiles curled up in a bundle of blankets left for him on the couch, Isaac sitting right next to him and watching some action flick. He

woke up a few hours later to a dark and quiet house, the wolves asleep at the late hour.

Waking up as a cat was confusing, to say the least. It was easier when he got up to chatter and movement, with something to catch his attention almost immediately and ground him. Without that his sleep-addled mind set into panic.

Everything was different; his vintage point when he shot up to sit, the length of his limbs and the way they worked, the distance between the couch and the floor when he tried to get down and fell instead, landing painfully on his side, still halfway tangled in his blanket.

He only realized he was having a cat's equivalent of a panic attack when Derek crouched over him, looking sleepy and irritated. His features gentled a bit however when he noticed the state Stiles was in. Big, reassuring hands slid down Stiles' back, soothing over his fur until gradually Stiles calmed down.

When his heart stopped beating as if it were trying to abandon his chest Stiles butted his head against Derek's knee by ways of expressing his gratitude. Grunting was all he got for an answer from the Alpha and that was that: Derek went back to his bedroom and Stiles curled up right there on the floor in the folds of the blanket that he dragged down when he fell.

The second night alone was easier for the simple reason that Stiles refused to fall asleep at all. Using his feline nightly vision he explored the house, checked every nook and cranny, even chased a mouse down the hall for the sheer joy of it.

He only let himself rest when Peter appeared in the kitchen to make himself some coffee. Stiles settled on the windowsill and observed the elder wolf move around in relative silence while preparing breakfast. Peter didn't acknowledge him aside from flicking Stiles' ear, not even when having to resort to werewolf reflexes to avoid the lazy swipe of claws Stiles aimed at him. Before he knew it Peter's puttering lulled him to sleep.

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Derek and Peter both were adamant on treating him as normally as possible in his current condition which wasn't really that much of a surprise, when Stiles considered it hard enough.

They were both born wolves unlike the rest of the pack and as such they were fully aware how it felt to be treated differently their entire lives, Stiles thought. So there was no going easy on him for the most part when it came to them. No littering, no damaging furniture, no stealing from their plates.

But at the same time it granted him his own plate at the table when Isaac tried to leave him food in a bowl on the floor. Banning any and every sort of cat food from the house is another thing that he was grateful for, because the very smell of it made him want to puke. And sweets were a definite no, which he understood considering possible side effects on his feline metabolism.

They saved him from the collar that Erica tried to force on him as well. They didn't coo over him, which well, he never actually expected that to happen with them, but still. They even talked to him normally resorting to yes and no questions if they needed him to answer something instead of the charades the rest of the pack tried to play with him.

That didn't stop them from occasional ear scratches and belly rubs, but – cat or human body - damn him if he'd ever refuse those.

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“Get back here you damn fur ball!”

Stiles jumped down the last few steps and skidded into the kitchen, bypassed Derek who was sitting at the table reading a newspaper ignored the *what the hell did you do this time* eyebrow arch, and ducked behind the fridge. He hoped that Erica wouldn't find him there. All of the young wolves were still shit at tracking despite Derek's efforts and Peter's disapproving commentary. And while normally he would complain about it

himself right in this moment it probably saved him from getting shaved in his sleep.

He heard stomping and then a shrill, “Come out, you coward! I swear I’ll skin you alive.”

Stiles didn’t hold his breath, but inhaled and exhaled deep and slow instead, and hoped that the rushed *thumpthumtphump* of his heart didn’t betray him.

“Where is he?” He heard her demand from Derek.

“I’m not getting into this.” The Alpha answered, which, wise. Stiles would pull him right down the drain with him.

“*Derek.*”Erica whines. Stiles wagers she just pulled out the full pout: jutted lower lip, big gleaming eyes, *pleading*. Even Scott would hand Stiles over when facing that.

Derek however, luckily for Stiles, had become immune to that face over time and would not budge if he didn’t feel like it. The silence that followed spoke of a big, fat nope, thank god.

Erica sighed and started to move around, judging by the clack of shoes against the kitchen tiles, presumably looking for him.

“What did he do this time anyways?” Derek asked, newspaper rustling.

“He rolled over my favorite black skirt. It’s completely covered in his fur.” She answered anger seeping back into her voice.

So maybe Stiles hadn’t exactly thought it through when he decided to enact revenge for all the animal treatment he received from her. At least he managed to get rid of that nasty laser pointer before she caught him shedding on her clothes. It was a small victory in the face of imminent death.

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Relatively sure that he had plenty of time to settle in his new body by the third night he settled on the couch again. Peter was the one to help him calm down that night which was, frankly, a fucking bizarre experience, but he was grateful nonetheless.

Peter must have noticed his reluctance to settle back to sleep again, because as he got up to set Stiles' blanket back on the couch, he folded it neatly. "If you're not going to sleep you can come help me with research."

His face must be expressive enough to convey exactly what he thought about Peter's proposal since the werewolf laughed as he beckoned him to follow. "You'll just meow and hiss if you notice anything relevant."

He didn't get to meow at anything that night though, falling asleep on the desk with Peter scratching between his ears only half an hour later.

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Stiles groaned and sank his claws firmly into the branch, pressing himself against it as much as he could and trying not to look down. It was fucking embarrassing and he wasn't even exactly sure how it happened.

One moment he was strolling through the woods, enjoying the crunch of the leaves under his paws, happy to finally have a moment just to himself. The next he heard growling and went of running before he even got a chance to look at the huge dog chasing after him. Which somehow led to him stuck on a tree branch and having no clue how he got there exactly and how the was going to get back down. A cat's tendency of falling on four paws notwithstanding, had he ever mentioned he had fear of heights?

The dog was long since gone yet he still hadn't even tried calling for help. He had some dignity, dammit. He refused to meow for the wolves every time he got into trouble. Human him was able to deal with all kinds of difficult predicaments so Stiles was adamant on dealing with this one on his own as well. He just needed some time to adjust to his current position and to plan his way down, that was all. He'd get to saving himself in a minute.

The sun had almost set when he finally gave up on his pride. He was cold and scared and couldn't really care less about any taunting he'd have to suffer from the pack. He meowed pitifully, hoping that his friends noticed his absence and were looking for him.

As if on cue, Peter stepped under the branch he was trapped on looking far too amused. "I've been wondering how long it would take you to call for help. I must admit, you are far more stubborn than I thought." The wolf mussed and then he was right next to Stiles, lifting him up and carefully prying his claws from the bark with gentle hands.

Stiles didn't have it in him to be annoyed with the wolf and maybe that was the whole point. Peter waited him out, because he knew Stiles would be angry and might fight him over this otherwise. So instead of sinking his fangs into flesh he burrowed closer into Peter's shirt seeking all the warmth and comfort the wolf was willing to give.

Chapter 3

Notes for the Chapter:

Edited by the awesome [thirdfury93](#).

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Quite obviously Peter did his own share of teasing and honestly Stiles would be disappointed if the wolf passed the chance. The ‘stuck up a tree’ incident in particular had earned him a few jabs at his expense and Peter always asking him if he needed a hand the few times Stiles climbed on the back of the couch or on the counter. Yet the jokes he made or the things he did never made Stiles feel like a house pet, never made him feel as anything less. They were exactly the same jokes Peter would make if Stiles was in his original body.

When it came to the rest of the wolves though.

Stiles loved his friends, with varying levels of affection depending on the day, but pulling his tail was by no means an appropriate way to get his attention, something which he had to remind Isaac of every now and again.

The pack tried to fill in the silence Stiles left with chatter and noise, their failed attempts at normality making him want to return to his own body even more. Scott and Erica were the worst, taking it upon themselves to engage and entertain the pack however they could. It was obvious that they missed him the most even if Erica’s way of showing it involved a hell of a lot of tough love.

Even though it’s been some time since they were Bitten they still

sometimes had problems with controlling their strength. Stiles obviously understood that and actually learned to handle it, but that was before the change. Now all the tugging and pulling, shoving and fingers jabbing into his sides hurt a bit more, because Stiles as a cat was even more fragile than Stiles as a human.

Most of the time some growling and baring his fangs at the young werewolves was enough to let them know that they went too far, that even though his body was that of a cat's it didn't mean he'd always land on four feet. That tying bows to his tail was really not appreciated, Erica, thank you.

Erica and Isaac were the usual perpetrators, with Scott right behind them on the list when he got too enthusiastic about whatever game it was they were playing. Boyd wasn't much of a problem in this category, though he could smother Stiles with petting like nobody's business. Before the curse Stiles had no idea the Beta could be so tactile.

As for the Alpha, well, Derek had his playful moments, but they really didn't seem to extend to Stiles the cat. In fact, Derek was the one interacting with Stiles the least. Which, granted Derek had been busy trying to track the witch as well as pestering Deaton over research results and keeping his wolves from trampling over Stiles, so he didn't have much time for hanging around the house with the rest of them.

It took Stiles some time to convince Derek that he was okay with the werewolf even touching him.

Derek was very reluctant to touch him at first, though Stiles suspected the Alpha was much like Boyd in the sense that they were both very inclined towards cats. Stiles had seen him with kittens at the clinic. It was the only time Derek actually looked approachable and warm. And hey, Stiles understood that he wasn't a real cat, but if petting him would soften their Alpha around the edges even slightly then, well, it was really no hardship.

Derek was always tentative about it though. Stiles supposed it was because the two of them weren't really all that close before the spell. They bickered and argued, never failed to call each other out on their shit. They could

perhaps be called friends, but they didn't hang out or touch casually like Stiles and the Betas did.

So at times, when Stiles curled next to Derek looking for some refugee from the unruly Betas he'd nuzzle against the werewolf's leg or bat at his hand with a paw until Derek caught up with the program and go on with the petting. The way Derek's hand smoothed over Stiles' back was akin to the way Peter's did: gentle, regular movements that calmed Stiles down and oftentimes simply lulled him to sleep, a hint of a purr escaping him as he slipped into dream land.

And if Derek's fingers were magic, Stiles had no idea what to call Peter and the amazing ear scratches the creeper wolf performed. Stiles had to wonder where one learned such skills. The way the elder werewolf scratched between his ears and under his chin made him want to just lay there and let it happen. It was a fucking sin. A very calming and addictive one.

Stiles has always been tactile. With his dad, with Scott, then with the Betas when he slowly grew closer to them. There's nothing like a good hug when someone is feeling down or when you're happy to see someone or just feeling good and needing to share your joy. He never minded when someone leaned against him on movie nights, being on the receiving or giving end of a scalp massage, even a simple pat on the shoulder felt good.

The way he could practically demand petting and cuddling - and don't even get him started on belly rubs, dear god the *belly rubs* – was just about the only advantage of his feline body and he was pretty shameless about it too. Sue him.

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The night after he fell asleep *helping* Peter research Stiles slipped into Isaac's room to sleep. Isaac did seem a bit surprised at the revelation, especially since Stiles might have threatened him with claws a few hours prior for making cutesy noises at him. Still he didn't protest when Stiles curled up at the foot of the bed, side pressed firmly against Isaac's ankle. The young werewolf just petted him on the head briefly and turned off the

lights, curling into a ball of his own.

In his search for a full night's sleep Stiles overlooked the possibility of Isaac being a restless sleeper. Barely an hour after they fell asleep he practically kicked Stiles out of bed, which was by far the worst way Stiles has ever been woken up. Stiles' yowl of pain served to rouse the wolf as well. But even though Isaac apologized profusely and promised to try to sleep as still as a log, Stiles was pretty sure he wouldn't be able to relax enough with the chance of uncontrolled limbs flying at him. He'd expect a shove every time Isaac fidgeted.

Resigned, Stiles wandered further down the hall instead, ignoring Erica's room completely as Boyd was sure to be there and Stiles sure as hell didn't want to walk in on them.

The door to Derek's room was closed, the handle one of those twist-to-open kind that Stiles has not yet learned how to operate in his current form. He scratched at the wood insistently enough to get access to the room, then kitty-eyed access to the bed. But that was all he gained finding out pretty quickly that he fell asleep best with actual body contact and that was pretty impossible with the Alpha burrito lying right next to him. Stiles tried nonetheless and exhaustion won soon, but his sleep was fitful at best.

He followed Peter to his room the next night, subdued and tired, deciding that if he couldn't sleep during the night he'd just meow and hiss at Peter's research in appropriate places until the werewolf threw him out or turned in for the night.

They didn't really discover anything useful, but Stiles managed to make a few noises from his place next to the laptop and find the perfect spot to sleep.

He was halfway to asleep with Peter's fingers combing idly through his fur when Peter closed the lid to his laptop and stood up to stretch his joints. Stiles mourned the loss, but made no sound deciding it was his cue to go even if he'd rather spend the whole night researching with the werewolf. It was ridiculous how comfortable he felt around the creeper wolf.

Peter must have noticed his reluctance to leave the room, because when Stiles finally found his way to the floor and was about to head for the door the werewolf spoke up. “Just stay, you idiot.”

Which rude, but also very surprising.

He turned to look at the werewolf sprawled on his back on the bed with one arm pillowing his head. Peter was looking at him with a small smirk on his lips and the sight was so familiar that Stiles relaxed, though he still wasn’t sure how to proceed. Did he curl on the chair? Or was he allowed on the expensive looking covers? Would Peter skin him for shedding all over it?

Peter rolled his eyes and beckoned him with a hand. “Get over here already. We both know you won’t sleep otherwise.”

Fair, Stiles thought, as he jumped on the bed and hesitated only for a second before burrowing into Peter’s side.

Chapter 4

Notes for the Chapter:

And the angst begins and continues all the way to the last chapter.

This one is for now edited solely by me, as my sweet editor is busy with school. Feel free to point out any mistakes I might have missed.

Bird of prey proposed by noctiscorvus.

The next morning Stiles woke up stretched along Peter's side; his back pressed into the curve of Peter's body and held close by the arm in front of him, Peter's other hand scratching idly at his ears. It surprised Stiles actually, how fond of that simple caress Peter was, his hand almost always drifting to Stiles' scalp when they were close together. As if Stiles wasn't the only one taking comfort and pleasure in it.

Stiles arched his body and curled back up stretching his joints with a purr that continued on as he laid there for a long moment reluctant to leave the safety of Peter's bed, enjoying the ease and warmth that came with being this close to another being. This close to Peter. He wished briefly he had a chance to do the same in his human body, if he ever had that possibility again, the thought surprising him so much that he sat up dislodging Peter's hand.

It was still dark in the room, the heavy brown curtains shielding them from the sun, but a glance at the clock perched on the nightstand told him it was well past ten in the morning. Which meant they slept through breakfast. As much as that wasn't uncommon for Stiles, Peter was usually the first one up and about in the Hale house, puttering in the kitchen and done with his first

mug of coffee before any of the other wolves even considered getting up.

He looked back to Peter to find the wolf sitting up as well and looking at him. Stiles caught his gaze, turned back to the clock pointing at it with his chin and turned back to Peter. The werewolf followed Stiles' motions, smiling at him as if he understood exactly what Stiles meant by it.

“We had a late night.” He said as he got up, flashing Stiles an easy smile.

Which, bullshit. Stiles spent enough late nights researching with the man to know that even staying up till early in the morning didn’t change Peter’s waking hours much. But he couldn’t really call him out on that and question the strange behavior. Instead he followed him into the kitchen hoping for some bacon.

It became something of a routine after that night: staying up with the elder werewolf trying to find a way to turn Stiles back until either falling asleep during the research session or sprawled next to Peter in his bed. And waking up to Peter’s snores half-sprawled atop the werewolf’s chest or to nimble fingers scratching behind his ear was scarily easy to get used to.

There were no nightmares with Peter at his side, no confusion when he woke up. A growing, dull ache maybe. Some regret when Stiles looked down at himself and saw fur and four paws, when the only moments he was eye-level with Peter were with both of them sprawled in bed. And that made it all the worse because what good was realizing that he was attracted to the werewolf when he was a fucking cat. What good was it when Peter was never this attentive to him when he was human.

Involuntarily Peter let him have a taste, a glimpse of things he would never dare imagine otherwise. Showed him how gentle he could be, how attuned to Stiles he was, how amazing it felt to be cradled in his hands. For all that Stiles tried to remain unaffected, to not let his thoughts stray he sank deeper every single night, every morning he woke to Peter. He knew he should start getting used to sleeping alone, shouldn’t allow himself to get used to this. Yet at the end of the night he always found himself in Peter’s bed.

He was so comfortable with it after half a week of sharing a bed with the wolf that the first time he work up alone with Peter nowhere in sight he couldn't help the mournful little sound he made. He felt off for a few hours, practically moping until he gave up on his dignity and pride and climbed into Peter's lap demanding scratches with an insistent meow. It earned him an amused smile from the wolf, but Peter complied nonetheless, petting the place behind Stiles' left ear that never failed to make him purr.

Every time Peter made a move as if he were about to withdraw his hand Stiles dug claws into the wolf's thigh. Thank god, Peter seemed more entertained than annoyed with his behavior. Even if Stiles would later chalk it all up to spending so much time stuck being a cat.

Stiles was sure that, if they continued this way much longer, if Peter kept working his way under Stiles' skin like this, soon he wouldn't be able to settle down without the wolf's fingers in his fur. He actually wondered how long would it take for Peter to get bored with him, with indulging him, with Stiles being as much of himself as he could like this.

He batted softly at the finger Peter was wriggling above his head and wondered if he'd ever be able to tell Peter how grateful he was for these moments or if he'd have to settle on hoping that Peter was perceptive enough to simply know.

Stiles wouldn't really be himself if he didn't at least try to use his condition to the fullest. He established early on that it was for the most part his appearance that changed and though some of his senses were enhanced: like his vision, hearing and sense of smell, the rest remained the same. Balancing his body for one. It actually became even more difficult to navigate through rooms and around furniture than his normally flailing limbs allowed, mostly because he had an additional appendage that he kept forgetting about. Unless Isaac was pulling on it. Stiles would never understand the fascination the curly haired Beta had with his tail.

Tripping, jumping at people from high places, putting their senses to a test.

Stiles was not beyond leaving a dead mouse for Erica to find, granted he'd actually manage to catch one. Even Derek and Peter got their share of pranks, though most often than not surprising them was impossible.

Stiles took it upon himself to be as playful as possible especially when the rest of the pack started teasing him less and less with every day he was stuck as a cat. He never thought he'd admit to it, but he needed the tail pulling, laser red dots zapping over the floor with high speed until he crushed into something, balls of yarn strewn all over the living-room and Derek's yelling at them when he ended up tripping over the tangle.

Stiles felt like he would crumble otherwise, if he wouldn't manage to keep his pack's spirits up. He needed to keep them strong or he would just lose his mind. He was at his wits end after a week and a half trapped in a feline body and it showed.

Showed in the claw marks he left on Isaac's arms, gauges deeper than he meant for them to be even if they healed in seconds. Showed in the fur he shed all over the furniture, the stress making him lose more than he normally did.

Showed in the way he danced around Boyd's legs to get him to trip and how the teen didn't even scowl at him from the floor. Showed in how Erica's scolding and fingers jabbing in his sides in retaliation for the mouse lacked heat and sharpness. Showed in the frown Isaac wore. In Derek's thoughtful gaze and making call after call to pester Deaton for answers. In the length and tightness of Scott's hugs. In Peter's late nights turning into early mornings.

They were all slowly starting to freak out.

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Stiles never intended to cause any damage. He honestly thought Peter would duck and let him crash to the floor or catch him when he hopped at the wolf from the bookshelf. Like all the other times Stiles attempted to surprise him. There was just no winning with a born wolf.

For some unknown reason though Stiles actually succeeded and by the time he gathered himself from the ground he was regretting even trying to. Because the ending result wasn't the usual fond smirk that came with Peter indulging him, but a leather-bound, century old looking book bent at the seam with a few loose pages spilled over the floor.

They both stared at the mess for a moment, the room eerily silent and air heavy with tension, Stiles' heart jackrabbiting in his chest, faster with every second Peter remained still.

Then something cracked and Peter went ballistic.

Stiles sat there with his head bowed and ears flat, tail tucked closely as he took the bashing he deserved. He would have never tried to startle Peter had he known how much damage he'd cause. He was just so sure that Peter would sense him the way he always did and prevent any accidents from happening. Stiles had no idea how it came to this and judging by the harshness of Peter's words neither did he.

Stiles wanted to explain himself, salvage the situation somehow because he just couldn't handle Peter being angry with him these days. He wanted to apologize so badly that when all that came from his mouth was a pitiful yowl something broke in him.

He couldn't do it. He couldn't be a cat anymore. Hated being stuck unable to say a single fucking word when all he ever really had in life were *words*. He hated it all so badly that every spiteful thing that came out of Peter's mouth struck him harder.

By the time:

"Waste of my goddamn time," rolled off Peter's tongue Stiles wanted to disappear so badly that he stormed out of the house and headed for the woods.

--

He woke up at the clinic with a pained grunt and his pack leaning over him with varying levels of distress on their faces. All because it seemed his life was never bad enough and he got attacked by a damn bird of prey soon after he ran out of the house.

The damage wasn't much. Mostly little punctures and claw marks in places the raptor grabbed at him with its talons trying to lift him off and take him as dinner. He was lucky that the fucker didn't manage to drag him up too high by the time he managed to wriggle his way out of its clutches. What happened after that he wasn't sure of. He must have blacked out soon after on his way back to the Hale House.

Stiles craned his neck a bit, long enough to see that Deaton wrapped his middle and left forepaw in bandage while he was out. His body ached a bit, pain dulled by whatever the vet must have given him, and he felt incredibly tired.

He didn't complain when Scott scooped him up and held carefully in his arms. Didn't move a bit as his friends crowded closely around the two of them to touch him gently and reassure themselves. Didn't utter a sound when Deaton told them to bring him back in in two days when he'd have everything ready for the ritual.

He lay limp in his best friend's lap in the car, his mind numb for once though not in a pleasant way. It would all be over soon, one way or another, but right this moment he couldn't even find the energy to care. All he wanted was to curl up next to Peter and fall asleep lulled by nimble fingers scratching at his scalp.

--

There was a puppy pile that evening, much like the first night after the spell had been cast. His friends were all gathered around the nest of pillows and blankets they built him, gentle hands soothing over his battered body.

But as much as we welcomed the comfort there was a particular hand missing.

Peter didn't join in into the pile, didn't even thread on the sidelines. Instead, Stiles saw him perched on the edge of the armchair, elbows propped on his knees and hands hanging limply between the wolf's legs. Blue eyes were watching over them, watching Stiles with something that looked like dread.

Chapter 5

Notes for the Chapter:

This is it, my pretties. The last chapter, edited only by me, but I hope I didn't miss anything big.

There's no sex, sorry. Though I am considering writing a sexy follow up in the future. We'll see.

Thank you all for all the kind words, all the kudos you have left. It was a pleasure to work on this one for you guys!

Two weeks were almost over and Stiles was still stuck as a ball of fur. His growing frustrations slowly turned into worry and then, ultimately, fear that he'd remain a cat for the rest of his life.

The very thought... He wouldn't be able to go home and see his *dad*, not for extended periods of time at least. College too would be lost. In fact, his entire future would be buried in hacked out fur and clawed out pillows and he didn't know if he'd even be able to handle that.

How does one even deal with this kind of change?

He didn't get turned into a werewolf or even a werecat. He couldn't change at will. Instead of dealing with heightened levels of aggression a few days a month he would have a whole life of misery. Perhaps he'd even forget he was human once. Because if ear scratches and bowls of milk were all he had to look forwards to in his future, he hoped that his mind would deteriorate, turn feline completely. He wasn't sure if he could deal with remaining sane.

--

“I’m sorry.” Peter told him the next morning while changing Stiles’ bandages, rubbing the ointment Deaton provided into the cuts. His fingers were steady and gentle, one hand soothing over Stiles’ back every time he squirmed in pain.

They were both on Peter’s bed: Stiles on a towel because Peter seemed to mind blood stains on his sheets, though not fur, Peter sitting cross-legged right next to him as he tended to Stiles’ wounds.

At Peter’s apology Stiles turned to look at the wolf. Peter had barely spoken since the puppy pile dissolved and the werewolf volunteered to take care of Stiles before Scott, or anyone else for the matter, was fully awake.

Exhaustion was evident on Peter’s face even if Stiles knew for a fact that the man hadn’t sleep at all. Stiles himself slept fitfully and every time he woke up he could see a pair of blue eyes, almost electric in the dark, looking at him. Knowing that Peter was there, even though not at his side like Stiles was used to by now, helped him fall back asleep if only for a few minutes at a time.

Stiles tilted his chin up a little, did it once more when Peter seemed reluctant to speak up again. It wasn’t like he could actually *ask* what the apology was for. Instead he had to wait Peter out.

Peter remained silent for long minutes as he rewrapped Stiles’ bandages, helped Stiles off the towel and onto a folded up blanket left in the middle of the bed. Stiles had to wait for the werewolf to finish cleaning up and join him on the bed before Peter spoke again.

The wolf sat with his back propped against the headboard, long legs crossed at the ankles and hands resting on his stomach. He looked at Stiles briefly and huffed in what Stiles though was amused defeat when he met Stiles’ insistent stare.

Stiles could be patient, but not that patient.

“You smell like me.” Peter finally said and it was so matter of fact that for a second Stiles didn’t register the meaning of the words. “Actually, we both smell the same since we spend so much time together.”

Stiles knew that Peter could hear his heartbeat picking up, but he couldn’t help it. Knowing that they smelled of each other and seeing how Peter wasn’t bothered by it did *things* to him. For a brief moment he was grateful for being a cat, otherwise his whole face would be flaming red.

“That’s why I didn’t notice you yesterday.” Peter continued. “That and the fact you actually managed to be stealthy for once which I guess I should compliment you for.” Peter smirked at him and Stiles wished he could scoff. He growled instead, which only resulted in Peter’s smirk widening

“That book was a family heirloom, one of the few that weren’t lost in the fire.” Peter added after a moment, tone more serious and Stiles’ slumped in on himself ignoring the sudden stab of pain when the motion pulled at one of his wounds. He was such a fucking idiot. No wonder the wolf went viral on him.

He looked up at Peter to gauge how mad the werewolf was only to see the man watching him with a strangely soft expression. Reaching out with one hand Peter tugged the corner of the blanket Stiles was sitting on and pulled him closer. Long fingers wrapped under Stiles’ jaw, a thumb gently ruffling over his whiskers and the fur on his cheek.

“I shouldn’t have exploded like that either way. We were both at fault yesterday and I have no excuse for unloading like that on you. I knew you were sorry, I could both see it in your posture and smell it coming off of you, but I was too angry with myself at that moment to think clearly.” Peter moved his hand from Stiles’ face to run it down over his flank.

Stiles watched as blue eyes grew darker with emotion.

“I never meant for you to get hurt.” Peter admitted softly and Stiles couldn’t handle the moment anymore.

It was too heavy, full of feeling Stiles couldn't handle right now. There was so much going on already without him having to figure out what this was or wasn't. Wasn't because he was trapped in a cat's body.

So he did what a cat would if only to spite himself.

He rubbed his head against the inside of Peter's wrist until he had fingers rubbing over his scalp in a familiar motion. He let out a soft purr because the noise never failed to make Peter's lips quirk a little.

Even if this time Peter's smile looked more like a pained grimace.

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"I'm afraid." He wanted to say and it was so damn frustrating when he couldn't that he actually mewled. And then again and it felt like he was crying.

Peter seemed not to need any words to understand him. He dropped the book he was reading and picked Stiles up from the blanket cradling him close to his chest all the while careful of Stiles' wounds. The rumbling sound that came from the wolf was meant to soothe him, Stiles knew, which only made him feel worse.

"It's okay. You'll be okay." Peter kept saying in a soft voice, long fingers combing through the fur of Stiles' back. "You'll be back soon, wholly human and making up for lost time with insisted chatter and even Scott won't be able to handle it. You'll have Derek threatening you to shut up or he'll rip your throat out within minutes. You'll be fine."

And Stiles wanted to laugh. Not at the comments themselves, but because of this moment. Because of gentle hands and a gentler voice, because he was warm and actually calming down in Peter's arms. Because this was Peter and when the hell did they get here.

Because he was a cat falling in love with the undead and that status might never change.

He wanted to laugh, but cats don't laugh and that only made him whimper more, Peter holding him firmer at the sound. He curled up in a tight ball atop of Peter's chest and pressed as close to the wolf's heart as he could, Peter's hand still smoothing over his back.

The words Peter muttered were almost lost as Stiles drifted off to sleep.

"Please come back to me."

Stiles desperately wished he could.

--

When Stiles woke up the next day all sleep-warm and content, still sprawled on top of Peter, it took him about a minute to register that he was rubbing sleep out of his eyes with his very human hand. And that he was buck naked and lying on top of a sleeping werewolf.

He started minutely, jerking back only to be stopped by a weight holding him down. But that wasn't important. He was back.

He was back.

He looked down to Peter, who somehow slept through the revelation.

The wolf didn't seem to mind all the extra flesh covering him: their legs were tangled together, one of Peter's arms wrapped securely around Stiles lower back and trapping him in place. Though it wasn't like Stiles intended to move anytime soon.

He knew he should get up, get dressed, tell the pack, go home and hug his dad for all it was worth. But he might not have another chance at this, not another moment this close to Peter. It might have all ended the moment the curse broke.

He didn't want that, so desperately wanted more than just that. A taste was what he got, but there was so much more he wanted from Peter, so much more he wanted to give the man now that he could. Now that he had fingers

of his own, hands able to grasp, a voice to thank and apologize and ask and moan, lips to kiss.

Oh, how he wanted to kiss.

That was all he could think off. All he wanted to think off and make real, take a chance now that he could. He was tempted to just take, steal a taste, a brief sampling while Peter was still asleep.

Instead he laid his head back on Peter's chest, check pressed against a clothed pectoral. He could hear the steady beat of Peter's heart this way and he focused on it to steady his own heartbeat, the rhythm calming steadily after the surprise of finding himself changed. He lifted his hand in front of his face studying his pale fingers in wonder, pink skin and human nails, a scar on the inside of his palm from one of his and Scott's adventures in primary school.

He flexed the muscles of his back to check what he already knew: his skin was unbroken. Healed together with the change. Or maybe the wounds were simply left behind.

It felt... odd suddenly being back. Going to sleep as a cat and waking up himself. Just like that. No warning, no clouds of smoke, no flashing lights. He was just there again. Here.

Here with Peter in the wolf's bed and this time his rapidly beating heart did manage to stir the wolf awake.

Peter's first reaction upon waking up was to pull Stiles closer and take a deep breath, his previously free hand dragging over Stiles' hair absentmindedly before the wolf froze and his eyes snapped open.

Stiles wondered what the etiquette was here as Peter stared at him in shock. Whether he should push off and away from Peter, escape the warmth he grew so used to. Or should he wait for Peter to collect himself and let the wolf decide the course of action. Maybe he should speak up, say something goofy that would discharge the heavy silence.

Because what should one do after spending over a week sleeping in bed with a man closer in age to his father than him? Sleeping there as a cat and growing closer while trapped as a feline. Letting the man pet him and seeking out comfort in him even though they were never this close before.

Something was there between them now, Stiles just wasn't sure how to define it, how Peter defined it. Peter wanted him back, Stiles remembered the silent plea whispered into his fur, but what did that mean?

He was a mess, a naked turmoil of emotions still sprawled over the werewolf, but somehow his nudity wasn't making him feel self-conscious.

Not when Peter cupped his cheek in one hand and drew his thumb over Stiles' cheekbone much like he did the previous day.

"You're back." Peter whispered with reverence, his tone heating Stiles' skin.

Stiles simply nodded, not trusting his voice just yet, though he wasn't even sure what he was supposed to say anyway.

"You're back." Peter repeated, the words a whisper this time as if for his ears only, as if he needed to hear the words again even if he could see Stiles, feel him, hear his rapidly beating heart.

"H-hey, Creeper Wolf." Stiles croaked out finally, stumbling over the words. His voice was hoarse, vocal cords not cooperating properly after two weeks of feline sounds.

He smiled faintly at the wolf and that seemed to be enough to coax Peter into action. The next thing Stiles knew both of Peter's palms were cradling his face and Peter was dragging him into a soft kiss.

His lips were careful against Stiles', searching. Then coaxing when Stiles finally pressed closer.

The kiss was brief, but still left Stiles' mouth tingling when Peter leaned back and smiled up. His eyes were warm, fond while he watched Stiles

trace fingers along his bottom lip.

“You came back.” Peter repeated like he still couldn’t believe even while he held Stiles’ face in his palms. Blue eyes flickered over Stiles before Peter continued with wolfish grin.“For me.”

And Stiles laughed because he could. Because Peter was still Peter, always knowing, forever full of himself. Because he had four limbs, dulled senses and bare skin flecked with moles.

“Yeah,” He smiled down at the wolf, holding onto Peter’s wrist and nuzzling his cheek against a calloused palm. “I guess I did.”

Maybe it was all that simple.

--

They were in bed together and it was both exactly like they were for the last week and completely different.

It felt a lot better to be able to run his fingers through the hair on Peter’s chest, to slide his hand over skin and all the distinct curves, to learn what he could with all the time to spare. Better to leverage himself on one elbow and lean in and slot his mouth over Peter’s again and again, tasting stale breath and the undercurrent flavor he would soon know to be all Peter.

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